

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LVI.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

NO 45.

A. HARTER,
AUCTIONEER,
MILLHEIM, PA.
J. C. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Next Door to JOURNAL Store,
MILLHEIM, PA.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
ALLEGHENY STREET,
BELLEFRONTE, - - - PA.
C. G. McMILLEN,
PROPRIETOR.
Good Sample Room on First Floor.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the City)
Corner MAIN and JAY Streets,
Lock Haven, Pa.
S. WOODS CALWELL, Proprietor.
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers on first floor.

D. R. D. H. MINGLE,
Physician and Surgeon,
MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Office in 2d story of Tomlinson's Grocery Store,
On MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

B. F. KISTNER,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER
Shop next door to Poole's Store, Main St.,
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters made to order, and satisfactory work guaranteed. Repairing done promptly and cheaply, and in a neat style.

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower,
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN B. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street.

CLEMENT DALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Northwest corner of Diamond.

DAM HOY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Orphans Court business a Specialty.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts of Centre County. Special attention to Collections. Consultations in German or English.

J. A. Beaver, J. W. Gephart,
BEAVER & GEPHART,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High.

YOCUM & HARSHBERGER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.

S. KELLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

D. H. HASTINGS, W. F. REEDER,
HASTINGS & REEDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFRONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, two doors east of the office occupied by the late firm of Yocum & Harshberger.

—About \$12,214,000 has been placed in increasing the number of cotton spindles in the South during years 1881-1882. Georgia, has added 100,000; Alabama, 34,000; Tennessee, 24,000; Mississippi, 32,000; Louisiana, 21,000; North Carolina, 48,000; South Carolina, 96,000. Total new spindles 361,000.

TIME'S CURSE.
Mourn, Oh rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying,
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some bosom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, Oh grieving heart,
The hours fly fast,
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the East
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past;
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast!

A LITTLE GOLD OWL.
"Do you know what a famous Russian beauty once wrote in her album? No? Let me tell you, then: 'The Frenchman understands best the art of talking love, the Italian of acting it, but the German rocks it to sleep, while the Pole runs all.'"

"And the American?" pleaded a musical voice in the ear of the first speaker.

The lady made no immediate reply. The pair stood in the wings of a tiny amateur theatre in one of our large cities, and the drama of "Matrimony," in which they had acted, was over. Both were artists in that intense sentiment of excitement which stirs the ripples of private life when theatricals and charades become the fashion. Augusta Bevan, tall, slender, and proud, had resumed her velvet walking-dress, and toyed with a tiny muff of pink satin, which was suspended about her neck by means of a ribbon. Capt. Hornblower, easy, graceful, and elegant, bent over her in an attitude of devotion which he had assumed, with the facility of a glove, for the past fifteen years, in the ball rooms of West Point, Saratoga, and Newport.

"Your muff seems to be a sort of fairy casket," pursued Capt. Hornblower. "Give me a peep into one of the pockets, I beg, in remembrance of the night."

"What shall it be?" retorted Augusta Bevan, gaily.

She sought in the tiny pockets of perfume and quilted satin, and drew forth a glittering object. This was a little gold owl, befittingly wrought, with ruby eyes and jeweled claws. When a spring was touched, a slender pencil-case slid out of the bird's head.

"Here is my gift," she said, gently and the gallant Captain understood that her words meant capitulation.

Was he glad or sorry? He received the little gold owl with effusive gratitude, and kissed the hand which bestowed the gift; but it was in the nature of this military butterfly to doubt, at the moment, if he had acted with unwise precipitation, if he had not sold himself too cheaply in the matrimonial market, and if Augusta Bevan was as great an heiress as she was reputed to be.

"My children remember the Scotch proverb. 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout,'" said Mr. Riddel, behind him.

Mr. Riddel, who invariably enacted the part of benevolent old man, proffered his snuff-box to Capt. Hornblower with his quizzical smile.

"We are called out again!" exclaimed Mrs. Trentham.

There was a patter of applause, and the four emerged before the footlights making their salutations in the most approved professional manner. On the stage stood Mrs. Trentham in a superb toilet, Augusta Bevan, Capt. Hornblower, and Mr. Riddel. Beyond the circle of footlights was a fashionable audience, where blended satin, gold, feathers, and lace resembling a parterre of flowers, while the little theater, built for Mrs. Trentham, made a charming background for smiling faces. Certainly the two actresses looked their best, for Capt. Hornblower, deeply versed in such craft, had made up their complexion with the aid of rouge and other cosmetics, moist purple words furnished the requisite shadows beneath the eyes.

Said Mr. Riddel, as he conducted Miss Bevan home: "You will not forget my proverb, Augusta!—'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

She glanced a glance at him, and frowned. Mr. Riddel, divested of gray wig and paternal bearing, was a dignified gentleman of forty years, lawyer, and manager of the great Bevan property.

"You have always warned me of fortune-hunters and worthless suitors since I left school," she exclaimed petulantly.

Mr. Riddel remained silent, but the blood mounted to his brow.

Said Mrs. Trentham to Capt. Hornblower, at a little supper table in a fashionable restaurant.

"Take another glass of champagne, Captain. Augusta Bevan really did very well to-night for a novice, except in the awkwardness of her attitudes. Allow me to look at the little gold owl she gave you behind the scenes. Ah! I saw it all. A manager must be everywhere, you know."

Very piquant looked Mrs. Trentham as she spoke, coquette of as many seasons as her companion had posed for a

bean, an arch sparkle in her eye, more than a suspicion of malice in her smile; for to see any man admire another woman pierced her vanity, if not her heart, and she could not rest until she had lured him away from his allegiance, or at least some mischief in the path of possible lovers. Yet Mrs. Trentham was a most peculiar person and an acknowledged leader of society. Capt. Hornblower resisted for a time; but the enchantress was adroit, witty, flattering, and the supper good, and in the end he yielded.

The lady attached the little gold owl to her watch chain, and emerged in the streets at 2 o'clock in the morning. When she reached her own home the little gold owl was gone! She had lost it during the walk.

Next day Mrs. Trentham sailed up to Augusta Bevan, at a crowded kettle-drum, took both of her hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, I am so dreadfully sorry! I am always committing some folly. I do not deserve forgiveness. Capt. Hornblower gave me—I mean tent me—your little gold owl last night, and I actually lost it in the street."

The Sevres tea-cup fell from Augusta's fingers to the floor. Mr. Riddel and Capt. Hornblower stooped for the fragments simultaneously, thus knocking their heads together.

"She is disillusioned," thought Mr. Riddel.

"The game is lost," reflected the gallant warrior, with unfeigned regret. "Of course, no woman ever forgave that."

At 6 o'clock that morning a young Swiss maiden, by name Marie Hetzel had gone on an errand to the market for her mistress. Marie was 16, with a round brown face framed in a fringed cap, and carried a basket on her arm. Her foot struck against a small object, she stooped, and found a little gold owl on the curbstone.

"Himmel!" exclaimed Marie, and sped with her treasure to the lager beer saloon where Fritz, her lover, was employed as waiter.

Fritz happened to be polishing the row of little tables placed in bowers of evergreen. He was a prudent youth of 19, with blonde hair and hard blue eyes. He examined the trinket and put it in his pocket. The gold owl would look very pretty suspended about Marie's throat, even as Roman women rejoice in their hair-pins and chains, or the Genoise in their filigree ear-rings; but money also could be made out of it—money to add to frugal savings wherewith to return to beloved Canton Berne as man and wife, and buy a modest farm.

Marie shed a few tears of feminine vanity, while yielding to logical argument, and trudged home with her basket.

Fritz sought a little den of a shop in an obscure quarter, and sold the gold owl to a Jew, after much haggling, for \$5, which sum he consigned to a savings bank. Now, indeed, was the owl lost, hopelessly lost, for it had disappeared in the back shop of a wretched quarter, instead of reposing in the pocket of Miss Bevan's pink satin muff. It happened that the owl had never met with greater appreciation, however. The ruby eyes glowed like flames, while the golden plume became luminous, and the ornament was passed from one dusky hand to another.

Finally the Jew took the trinket to a fashionable jeweler, celebrated for skillful workmanship in metals, and sold it for a considerable sum, Mr. Riddel, walking down town one morning, passed suddenly before the jeweler's window. He saw a little gold owl suspended by a hook, and radiant in the sunshine. He fancied the bird of wisdom actually winked at him in recognition. He entered the place and bought it promptly.

Angusta Bevan, pale, thoughtful, and with a new tenderness in her bearing, received back the little golden owl. "I have been thinking of so many things of late," she said, softly, placing her hand within the arm of this faithful friend. "I even remember your proverb: 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

Mrs. Trentham tapped Capt. Hornblower on the arm with her fan at a reception where the lady was resplendent in Worth toilet of black satin and old gold. "Mr. Riddel and Augusta Bevan are engaged," she said, "I always knew it would be a match yet. Their property joins, you know, and water does flow to water in that way in our wicked world. Besides, he is really the only man worthy of Augusta."

Capt. Hornblower went his way, baving been ordered to a fort in Montana Territory. His amiability was not increased by the discovery that his hair was turning gray, and that he experienced a twinge of rheumatism in his right knee.

SOFT SOAP.—Three quarters of a pound of washing soda and a pound of brown soap cut in small pieces; put them in a large stone jar on the back of the range, when the range is not very hot, and pour over it a pailful of cold water; stir it once in a while, and after some hours, when thoroughly dissolved, put it away to cool. It forms a sort of jelly, and is excellent to remove grease on floors or shelves.

A Noted Outlaw.

John Alfred Slade, the noted outlaw and highwayman, used to wear a beaded and gaudily colored buckskin suit which cost \$750. Slade's exploits are well remembered by all the old-time settlers in the West. At one time he became involved in a difficulty with a Frenchman named Jules, an Indian trader, who had spent the greater part of his life among the Indians of the plains.

Upon the establishment of the overland line of coaches to California Jules was much incensed, as he claimed it was an innovation upon the rights of the Indians and the traders and would bring too many whites upon the plains. He waged incessant war upon the overland line, with the aid of Indians and half-breeds, by running off stock and committing other depredations, which were continued without restraint until John Alfred Slade appeared upon the scene as a division agent from Fort Kearney west. This man was a refugee from justice, having killed a man in his native county of Clinton, Ill. Soon after taking charge of the division, Slade became the terror of the road, and his bold and reckless daring involved him in numerous quarrels with stock thieves and others. His quick aim and steady nerve sent many a desperado to a bloody grave; in fact, he sought quarrels, and to use the parlance of the times, "always got his man." A deadly feud existed between Jules and Slade, and the former resolved on his (Slade's) death. Knowing that on a certain day Slade would come down the road upon the overland coach, Jules laid for him at the station, and as the former alighted from the coach, fired upon him with his gun, but the bullets which took effect, and as his enemy lay writhing upon the earth, poured the contents of his dragoon pistol into his body. Then mounting a horse, Jules rode into the mountains, fearing the vengeance of Slade's friends. Strange and unaccountable as it may seem, Slade was found to be alive and carried into the station, and though lingering upon the point of death for months, he recovered from his wounds and laid his plans for the capture of his enemy, who was finally hunted down and taken to Bovey's Station. The names of the captors of Jules were Nelson Vaughn, John Fry, and another man, who is now a resident of Montana. These three persons having secured Jules, sent a messenger for Slade, and the two bloody men met again face to face; this time, however, Slade had the drop, being heavily armed and with three armed captors of Jules at his back. Well knowing his doom was sealed, Jules stood up and demanded half an hour for his life. "You gave me no show," retorted Slade, "but take this and defend yourself," handing the Frenchman a pistol which he knew would not revolve—and the next instant sent a ball through the forehead of Jules near the top of the skull, who reeled and fell. Slade and his party then retired to the next room to take a drink, but upon returning found that the prostrated Frenchman was gone. Horses were mounted and the country scoured to no effect; but upon returning to the station the wounded Jules was found in an out-house covered with hay. He was led out and shot through the mouth, and again at the base of the right ear, which finished the job. Vaughn cut off the ears of the dead man and gave one to Slade, reserving the other. The two worthies then came to Denver with these bloody trophies in their pockets, and wore them out at the different bars on a prolonged spree, in slapping them on the counter as a tender for payment of drinks.

In Rose-Water.
A stranger with white long hair, a white coat, a white hat with a crape band and other evidences of lunacy, entered a restaurant and said to the proprietor:

"Sir, let me explain in advance that I am a singular man."

"All right, sir. A singular man's order is as good as any one else's."

"I want six oysters on the half-shell—on the left-hand half, if you please."

The oysters were opened and placed before him, and when he had devoured them he said:

"Now take six oysters, run them through a clothes-ringer to remove the dampness, and fry them for me in olive oil."

This order was also filled, when he called for a cup of salt and water, added milk and sugar and drank it down and asked for his bill.

"I also desire to explain in advance that I am a singular man," replied the proprietor. "Your bill is \$2."

"Impossible!"

"Just \$2, sir."

"But that is monstrous."

"Perhaps it seems high, but that's my singular way of charging for singular lunches."

"I'll never pay it!"

"Then I'll saddle your heart!"

The sad proceedings were about to begin when the long-haired man forked over and walked out. The lesson seemed to sink deep into his heart, for he halted at a fruit stand, and without any explanations in advance, paid the usual price for a banana and carried it off without asking the seller to dip the ends in rose-water.

A Pleasant Experiment with Salt.
Do you want to grow salt and at the same time have an interesting, hands-on experiment? The proceeding is a novel chemical experiment that may be tried by any one. Put in a goblet one tablespoonful of salt and one spoonful of bluing; fill the goblet one-third full of water, and set it in a position where it will have plenty of warmth and sunlight. In a little while sparkling crystals will commence forming on the outside of the glass, and it is both a novel and interesting sight to watch it gradually growing day by day until the outside of our goblet will be entirely covered over with beautiful white crystals. Another variation of this beautiful experiment would be to take a goblet with the base broken off and fasten it in the center of a thin piece of board, which may be round, square or oblong. After the crystals have formed on the glass, set it on a tiny wall bracket, and place a bright holiday or birthday card in front of it; this will hide the base, on which no crystals will form. After this is done fill the goblet with flowers or dried grasses, and you will have a vase which will cost comparatively little and in reality adds to the Eric-a-brac of a room.

A Royal Hussar.
At the review of the Fifth German Army Corps, near Breunau, the Crown Prince of Germany in her Hussar uniform rode past at the head of the splendid regiment of Hussars of which she is honorary colonel. She wore the little hussar cap, with its long plume, and the black jacket, with white braid, from which the corps is called the Black Hussars. A short habit took the place of the manly garments of the other officers, and instead of the sword, the Princess carried her riding-whip sword-wise. Like all other commanding officers, she took her place at the right side of the Emperor as her regiment filed past.

BROWN BUTTY.—Put a layer of sweetened apple sauce in a buttered dish, add a few lumps of butter, then a layer of cracker crumbs, sprinkled with a little cinnamon, then a layer of sauce, etc., making the last a layer of crumbs; bake in oven, and eat hot, with cold sweetened cream.

Safety in Railroad Travel.

Of the 375,000,000 persons annually carried over the railroads of the United States, about 1800 meet with injuries more or less severe, while 460 are killed. Of the above numbers, 800 of those injured and 200 of the killed may be charged to causes for which the railroad companies are to a greater or less degree responsible, while the rest of the casualties are due to the carelessness of the passengers themselves. For every railroad passenger, therefore, who is killed in the United States, over 800,000 are carried safely; while for every passenger for whose death the railroad companies are accountable, nearly 2,000,000 are safely transported. For every railroad passenger who is in any way injured, 200,000 are safely carried; while for every passenger injured by causes for which the companies are responsible, nearly 500,000 are transported without accident. In Massachusetts—where the records have been more carefully and more systematically kept for the past ten years than in any other part of the country—the number of passengers carried in that time was, in round numbers, 400,000,000, of which number 581 were injured, 122 of them fatally. Of the whole number 250 were injured from causes beyond their own control, the remainder suffering from their own lack of care. Thus, for every passenger 1000 are injured, 688,000 are safely carried, while for every passenger killed 3,000,000 in round numbers were transported without injury. If we consider only those who were killed or injured from causes over which they themselves had no control, the results are somewhat different. Thus, in Massachusetts, during the nine years from 1871 to 1879, the number of passengers carried was 303,000,000, of which number fifty-one were killed by causes beyond their own control. For every person killed, therefore, 6,000,000 were safely carried. As the average distance traveled by each person was about fifteen miles, the total distance traveled by all before death happened to any one was 90,000,000 miles. In other words, a passenger with average good luck would travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour for ten hours a day, for 306 days in a year, for 500 years, or he would go 360 times around the earth before getting killed.

Concerning Mirrors.
The record of patents granted during the last 200 years throws curious lights upon the progress of the manufacture of mirrors. Up to that time the Venetians had a monopoly of the business, but in 1634 the French began to compete, and, competing in the art, beat all others from the field, and improved so rapidly that in another fifty years, in 1684, a glass plate was cast in Paris which was 18 inches long and 50 broad. The supremacy then gained continues to our day of three classes of mirrors supplied to the American market—the French, the German, and those of home manufacture. Those of France are greatly preferable. The latter are imported pure, to be silvered here upon arrival, while the German is imported ready, and that of home manufacture is comparatively little in demand. American-looking-glasses are mostly manufactured at Baltimore, French mirror plates are mainly prepared in the suburbs of Paris, while the seat of the German manufacturing is in Bavaria. Imported glasses, with rare exception in the case of special orders, are framed in this country, a very large majority in New York city itself. The size of the plates as delivered to the dealers differs a good deal. Those from Germany run from 7 by 9 inches up to 48 by 20 and 40 by 26; French glass from 10 by 8 all in even inches up to 180 by 84. The beveled glass which is so fashionable to-day is prepared after its arrival, being shipped in plain, even sheets.

Plants When Traveling.
Many of our readers in their sojournings by the mountain will desire to carry home some floral relics of pleasant days, and by the following simple method they can be easily transported! All that you will need is a piece of cotton cloth, colored or white as you prefer. Take up the plants so as to leave some soil about their roots, and if they are thoroughly wetted before removal the earth will cling tightly to them and keep the plants from wilting. Tear off a strip of the cotton cloth, cut it from around the earth and roots, leaving the branches exposed. Cover with half a dozen thicknesses of the cotton and pin it tightly in place, or sew the ends together. Put the roots and cotton into a dish of water overnight. Next morning wrap up in dry cloth, and you can pack the plant in your trunk or in a basket where it will go safely without any injury to its roots, and if they are wrapped up in a cloth for a week or ten days the plants will come out fresh as far as the outside of the mountain ferns can be transported in this manner without and injury to them. Also all kinds of garden and house plants. When unpacked, place the roots, still in the cotton, into a little warm water, and give them a good bath for an hour or more, and then transplant them at nightfall, and shade for a few days from the hot sun, and keep well watered.

Lake Constance.
The shrinkage of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, owing to the extraordinary dryness of the past winter, has brought to light many interesting relics. Among them there were bone and flint implements, harpoons, pottery, many specimens of which are intact, clubs, baskets, arrows, field tools, and animal remains. Among the latter are skeletons of the bear, the bison, and the moor-hen. The discovery also includes a considerable quantity of oats and wheat in a good state of preservation, and a remarkably perfect and artistically executed stag horn harpoon. The relics have all been removed to Frauenfeld, and added to the collection of the local historical and natural history society which is now the richest in lacustrine objects in the Helvetic Confederation.

The Doctor's Story.

It was Christmas Eve, and a dreary night it was, dismal enough, with drifting, sleet and snow to drive away all thoughts of pleasure, except to those who were comfortably gathered around their own firesides. I was just closing my office-stations, and preparing to leave for home, when there came a loud ringing at the bell, and a man rushed in, who stated, in almost unintelligible language, from the breathless state that he was in, that a man had nearly murdered himself at the Chester House, and that I was wanted immediately. Taking my case of instruments in my hand, I buttoned my coat tight around me and hurried out into the storm, inwardly wishing that some other physician had been called, so I could have spent my bachelor Christmas Eve in peace.

The remembrance that the poor man was probably lying at the point of death soon drove all such thoughts from my head, and I hurried on and soon reached the hotel. I was shown immediately to the room of the wounded man and found him lying on the bed just breathing, and such a sight as would make a man's blood run cold. The landlord said he was a stranger, who had been sleeping at the house but a short time, and the night before he had come in intoxicated, and gone to his room. In the morning when the girl came to the room she had found the door locked on the inside, and no one answered to her knock. In the afternoon his door was tried again, with no better success, and when evening came, and there were no signs of any one moving in his room, they burst open the door, and found the occupant lying on the floor in such a state as made them start back with horror. He had tried to cut his throat, but his hand was so unsteady that he had only succeeded in horribly mutilating himself.

He had fallen on the floor, his head was in such a position that the blood from the wound in his neck had flowed over his face, making a ghastly spectacle. Finding that he still lived, they placed him on the bed, and for some time when I arrived he was just breathing. Had it not been for the congealing of the blood on the wound, the man could never have lived half the time he did, and it was very evident from the faint and irregular beating of his pulse that he could not possibly last longer than a few hours. I sewed up and bandaged the wound, and gave him a strong stimulant, and in a short time he began to show signs of returning consciousness. As soon as his senses returned he called me to his bedside, and in a feeble voice asked me if I thought he would live. I told him that there was no knowing, but he might, though in all human probability, he could not possibly survive till morning. Contrary to my expectation, for I feared I had done wrong in speaking so plainly, he seemed pleased and told me to sit down by his bedside, as he had a long story to tell me, and if he could but live and have strength to finish it, it would relieve his mind of a burden that had borne down upon him for many a weary year, and he could die happy. Sending all from the room, I sat down beside him to listen to the story of his life, for such it proved to be, and I will now repeat it, only in my own language, and saying one or two facts with regard to the personal appearance and social standing that came out after it was known who he was.

His name he said was Boyden—John Boyden—and he was born in Boston. His father was a wealthy ship-builder, and he owned several ships, trading between this port and several cities in Europe, daily adding to his large fortune, to which John was the only heir. At eighteen he entered college, and his handsome face, fine form, and plenty of money always at command, made him a pet of the class. At twenty-two he started with a party of wealthy young men for Europe. Everything that money could buy was theirs; they travelled in the most expensive manner, and had the best of everything. At Baden they visited, as all do, the gambling rooms, and here it was that Boyden acquired taste for play that ruined him.

Every day and night found him at the tables, and always fortunate. But the princely way in which he lived, fairly throwing away money, did not leave him much on hand, when one of his friends induced him to leave Baden, and both of them continued their travels. They remained in Europe two years, and returning to America, Boyden was taken into partnership with his father, and settling down as a business man. The highest society was open to him, and no entertainment, however elegant and fashionable, was complete without the presence of the rich and handsome John Boyden. A year passed in this way, when the old fever of travel and excitement came over him, and as one of their ships was then about to sail for Cuba, he resolved to go in her. The business acquaintance of the firm with some of the largest houses of Cuba gave him sufficient introduction to its best society. It was at a grand fête at the house of one of the best families that Boyden met a young Cuban lady, with whom he became desperately in love. The attachment was mutual, and though he intended to stay in Cuba but a short time, he lingered along until four months had passed away, and found him still loathe to return to home and business. Having obtained the consent of her father, it was decided that he should return home first, to prepare for her reception and the wedding, and she and her father were to follow on the next steamer. Everything passed off as intended, the family were delighted at their son's choice, and gave both her and her father a hearty welcome. The wedding took place a short time after this arrival, and the bride's father again returned to Cuba, though not until Mr. and Mrs. Boyden, senior, had promised to visit him at his home. An elegant mansion had been prepared near the homestead for the reception of the newly married couple, who now took possession of it.

For a long time the attractions of his new home kept Boyden away from his former associates and pleasures; but at last the old love of gambling came over him, and he was less frequently at home evenings and more at his club. One night, about a year after they had been married, he went as usual to the gambling rooms of the club, and commenced playing with a young man, a member, who had been admitted on account of his wealth. They played heavily, John winning steadily from the first, until his opponent, maddened at his ill luck, and the

loss of a large sum of money accused Boyden of cheating.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when a pistol had closed them forever. Everyone rushed forward to the wounded man, thus giving Boyden a good chance to escape unnoticed, which he did, and rushing to the depot saw a train just leaving, and jumped aboard, bound he knew not whither. Riding, till the train reached its destination, he found himself in a city some ninety miles from home. He stayed there during the day, shaving his beard and mustache, and otherwise disguising himself, and the next day took steamer for California. Here he engaged in every kind of low dissipation, trying in vain to drive away the remembrance of his former life, and to forget the act that caused him to fly from home. He did not dare to read the papers, fearing he should read something regarding himself. A common gambler, and with his usual good luck, there was no lack of money to carry on his life of debauchery. Drink, play and dissipation, as he might, he could not still his conscience, and at last, resolved to travel, hoping in vain to leave his sin behind him. He went to England and France, visiting those scenes he remembered to have seen first when full of life and hope. No gambling place, however low, but knew his face, and he soon became the terror of all professionals, and the wonder of unlucky amateurs.

One day in Paris, some ten years after he had left home, he was eating his dinner at a cafe, when he noticed an American paper lying near him, and thought he saw his old name (he had assumed one while away), in print, and taking it up, he read: "Died"—"In this city, Mary, the wife of Francis Boyden."

The paper dropped from his hands, and the man who had left his home ten years ago in the prime of life, now bent down and grown prematurely old by dissipation, bent his head upon his hands, and wept as he had not done since a little child. Resolved that he would end his days in the land of his birth, he sailed for America, and arriving went straight to his native city. Here, by adroit questionings, he managed to obtain unsuspected, the history of his family since he had left them.

His father had been so shocked when the news was brought to him of the act his son had committed that his mind was unsettled from that day. His business, for want of his old tact and judgment, became involved, and he finally failed so badly that, after settling with his creditors, there was scarcely enough left for the family to live upon. This final blow made him totally insane, so that, from the time of his failure until his death, which occurred about two years after he had been an inmate of an insane asylum, his mother had lived upon what had been saved from the wreck of her husband's fortune, a broken-hearted woman whose only hope was in the hereafter, and she had died a short time before, as he had seen in the paper. His wife had returned to her former home, and after waiting five years for his return, or any news of his whereabouts, had given him up for dead, and married a wealthy Cuban, with whom she was then living, happy in the possession of a kind husband and one lovely child. Each new particular of the dreadful story only added to the weight of remorse that bore down upon the conscience-stricken man. After first hearing the truth he had wandered about the streets, always intoxicated in his endeavor to silence the still small voice that was continually repeating:

"You did it! You did it!"

Craved at last by the terrible visions of the past, that were continually haunting him, he had resolved upon taking his own life, but being as usual intoxicated, he had succeeded only to the extent mentioned. The poor wretch had hardly strength enough to finish the sad story ere he breathed his last. The next day, when his death was reported in the newspapers, and it became known who he was, hundreds who had known him in his pride, came and begged to see his face, but humanity demanded that he should not thus be made a show of, and he was buried by the side of his father and mother, the stone bearing the simple inscription, "John Boyden."

Lake Constance.
The shrinkage of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, owing to the extraordinary dryness of the past winter, has brought to light many interesting relics. Among them there were bone and flint implements, harpoons, pottery, many specimens of which are intact, clubs, baskets, arrows, field tools, and animal remains. Among the latter are skeletons of the bear, the bison, and the moor-hen. The discovery also includes a considerable quantity of oats and wheat in a good state of preservation, and a remarkably perfect and artistically executed stag horn harpoon. The relics have all been removed to Frauenfeld, and added to the collection of the local historical and natural history society which is now the richest in lacustrine objects in the Helvetic Confederation.